

If we turn to lots 64, 65 and 66 we shall find three Bengalee cows making a total Rs. 505, one of them a Heifer to calve down in a month, for the first time bringing Rupees 250.

Look again at the young stock, lots 77, 78, 79, ranging from 15 to 18 months, and therefore not likely to be of use for milking for at least from 15 to 18 months, the average of these lots is over Rs. 60 a head.

When it is borne in mind that 6 lots made only 54 Rupees between them, frightfully reducing the average of the sale, the results of the sale, as a whole, I contend, fully justify my position that money judiciously laid out in buying, breeding and feeding is not only not thrown away but gives a return. It is not of course possible for me to say what intermediate return in butter-milk and previous sales of young stock had been realised, but, as regards the profit point of view, these could not but have formed a very considerable item on the right side.

W. B.

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EXTRACT FROM MY 'BHUTAN JOURNAL.'

(By T. A. D.)

*Mynagori, January 12th, 1865.*—Doctor S——d and Lieutenant S——s of the Cavalry came to my camp to-day from Julpigori for a little shikar. We went out, and, after toiling hard all day in the most likely looking places, we got nothing but a few partridge and quail and a few brace of teal. "Signs" of rhinoceros in abundance, but deuce a rhinoceros could we see. I knocked over a peacock on the wing with ball, and also bagged a few jungle fowl. It struck me that it was yet too early in the season for tiger and rhinoceros shooting; perhaps not altogether too early for the tigers, but where in the world the rhinoceros had gone and hidden themselves, I could not make out. They were evidently somewhere close by, but they had concealed themselves so effectually that we could not find any, though we hunted for them in the densest cover and the most likely looking places where they had been perhaps this very morning. But why should I say 'perhaps,' I should say '*certainly* this very morning.' The fresh droppings, of which we saw heaps, were sufficient evidence of the fact; and we could not help thinking it extremely odd that we did not turn up even one.

During the middle of the day, we lunched under some shady trees near a village and amused ourselves with making the rustics from the village who were looking on or rather *staring* at us as we refreshed the inner man, scramble for empty beer bottles. As a bottle was emptied, it was chucked into the crowd, and happy the fellow who succeeded in grabbing it! Late in the afternoon we separated; and each took an elephant or two as beaters, and we beat up different patches of

jungle separately, but without any success as far as big game was concerned; and later still in the evening, I thought I saw a strange man, who looked like a villager, in the Doctor's howdah in the back seat; but when we got together again a little while after, the strange man was not where I had seen him, and I could see him no more.

"Who was your friend, Doctor?" I asked.

"Oh! only a 'nigger' I picked up in the jungle over there, and just fancy what he told me! You remember the place where he had lunch? Well, that fellow told me that just close by there, after we came away, a large tiger got caught somehow in the jungle and couldn't get out, and the fellow swore he was still there, and offered to point him out to me if I went with him to the spot!"

"Caught in the jungle?" I asked. "How could that have happened?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the Doctor, "but that's what the fellow said, and I thought he was humbugging me, when he also said the '*Bágh*' was a *jolliér muddy fancy*.' what the devil he meant by that I can't say, but he repeated it earnestly several times, and at last I understood him to mean that the tiger was caught hard and fast in the jungle."

"But are you sure you *did* understand him?" I inquired doubtfully.

"Oh! Yes—I'm sure I did at last; for, I asked him where the tiger was caught, and he said 'jungle, jungle,' and then he jabbered something in Bengali which I couldn't make out, and again he plumped out with, '*Bágh jolliér muddy fancy lo!*': he emphasized every word of this, so that I thought the beggar knew a little of English, and was either chaffing me or wished to impress it on me that the tiger had got stuck in the *mud* in some jolly swampy place in the jungle."

I burst into a roar of laughter at this, and then, while wiping the tears from my cheeks, I turned for an explanation to the mahout who was driving the elephant ridden by the Doctor. The mahout was a Bengali and one of my own men, and the elephant, too, was one attached to my establishment, so I asked the mahout in Bengali to tell me what 'the nigger' had told the Doctor Sahib about a tiger being caught in the jungle; and this was his explanation—

"Khodawand! some of the men of the village near which the Húzúr had tiffin, shortly after we had left the place, set a net in some grass jungle close by there to catch deer or pigs; and, about an hour or so after, a very large tiger *jálér modhê phánshí ló,*" (got caught in the net)—and then the mahout went on to say that the Doctor's friend, 'the nigger' aforesaid, had set out immediately in search of us; but as our course through the jungle had been somewhat erratic, he did not find us till late in the afternoon, and that although both he and the mahout had done their best to explain the matter to the Sábib, the Sábib did not seem to understand it at all! and at last the ~~map~~

asked to be allowed to return home as it was getting late, and then the Sáhíb permitted him to go.

"Oh! Doctor—Doctor!" Said I,—“what don't you deserve for this?”

"Why—what's the matter?" he asked.

"Only that you have lost us some rare sport!" I answered—"why did you not come to me at once with the man? Had you done so, we should have been carrying a dead tiger to camp instead of returning empty!"

"But how?" asked the Doctor.

I then explained to him what the mahout had told me.

"But that's all *bosh*," said the Doctor—"the fellow never said one word about a net."

"How do you know he didn't?" I asked. "Can you tell me what's the Bengali word for 'net'?"

"Can't say I can."

"Well—it's the same as the Hindustani word—it's *jál*."

"But he *didn't* say '*jál*,'" argued the Doctor.

"No—but he said '*jálér*'—which you construed into the English word '*jollier*.'"

"Rum beggars these Bengalis are to mispronounce words so, but what the devil did he mean by saying '*muddy fancy lo*'?"

"He meant that the tiger had got stuck in the net hard and fast," I answered. "It cannot be helped now however—it's getting dark already and we have lost a rare sight; we couldn't find the place to-night even if we set out at once, as we don't know where it is—and tomorrow it will be too late, as I don't think a net was ever made that would hold a tiger all night. He will either break or gnaw his way through it before morning, if he has not already done so."

"Nor can S—s and I stay tomorrow; we must be back in cantonments by 7 o'clock in the morning," said the Doctor.

And so we returned to camp an hour or two after dark, hungry and tired, and not a little chagrined at our bad luck; but the teal we found uncommonly good at dinner—fat, tender, and juicy—some hot grog, a baccy or two, and bed.

January 13th, 1865.—The Doctor and his companion left me this morning and returned to Julpigori. I rode with them part of the way, and, on coming back to camp, I saw a group of villagers standing near my tent, talking to my chuprassy and gesticulating eagerly. On my riding up to them, the chuprassy advanced a few paces towards me and said, (he was an up-country man and spoke in Hindustani):—

"*Khúdáwand!*—*barri tájjúb ki bat!*"—which being interpreted means—'My lord! a very extraordinary thing has happened!'

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"These men say," answered the chuprassy, "that a tiger was caught yesterday at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon in a net, which they had set to catch deer in, that he continued in the net all night and

that he's still there! They say he cannot get out, and that all last night he made an awful row!"

"Oh! what nonsense is this;" I said incredulously; and then turning to the rustics I asked them particularly to say whether they had seen the tiger with their own eyes this morning? The answer was—

"Yes, yes, we saw him ourselves this very morning, and we have come running all the way here to tell you in order that you may go out and shoot him."

"All right then," said I, "get the elephants ready, but I don't see the howdah, where is it?"

"They have put it on 'Sher Afgan' and taken him out for exercise," replied the chuprassy. "He will be back presently."

"Well then, I'll ride 'Sher Afgan' to-day," I said. "Don't let them remove the howdah from off him; and look to the guns—have they been cleaned?"

"*Gharib parwar!*" (protector of the poor) "I cleaned them the first thing this morning."

'Sher Afgan' is the name of a new male elephant which I purchased about two months ago. He was untrained at the time, having only just been caught, and I have had him in training under a skilful mahout ever since. I had not yet fired a shot off him and suddenly determined this morning trying him for the first time. He is quite a young elephant and, for his age, very large, standing very nearly 9 feet high without 'his stockings.' He is of the *gundah* caste which is the largest breed of elephants in the country; they grow to an immense size, and are rather scarce. They have only small tusches like a mackná, but they are generally fierce brutes and very powerful. The largest tuskers fear them and will never face a gundah on any consideration. For an elephant, 'Sher Afgan' (which means literally one who can conquer or overthrow a lion) is a very handsome beast, with a fine large well-shaped head, a compact well-formed body, very powerful limbs, and possessed of extraordinary pluck by his very looks. He was christened a few days after I bought him by my good friend Ghaus Mahomed Khan, a Rissaldar of the 5th Bengal Cavalry, then stationed at Julpigori.

'Sher Afgan' was soon back from his half hour's morning exercise, and then placing the guns in the howdah and some *khona pina*, I mounted, and away we went. I was on this occasion accompanied by Captain T——h of the Bengal Police Force and a native Cavalry Officer named Mir Hidaet Ali, each seated on the pad of a spare elephant. We had to go some four miles or so, and I found Master 'Sher Afgan' rather rough in his paces. I complained of this to the mahout, who told me I needn't mind it as the elephant would soon get over that fault; and by way of proving that the elephant could pace smoothly if he chose, he (the mahout) shouted out "*Sham!*" and gave the elephant a whack on the head with the iron *gajbák* and a sharp dig behind the ear. How the devil the elephant understood the mahout I am sure I don't

know, but he certainly changed his rough walk for a smooth one which he kept up for a quarter of a mile or so, but then he again reverted to the rough waddle. I again complained to the mahout of being jolted, and it resulted in another shout of 'Sham!' and another whack, and master "Sher afgan" again changed his rough rolling waddle into a nice smooth gentlemanly pace.

We at length arrived at the village, and were no sooner within hailing distance of a crowd of men and children awaiting our arrival outside, when the men who had brought me the news of the tiger called out to their brother villagers and asked "if the tiger was still in the meshes of the net?"

"No!" was the answer—"he's gone!"

"Ah! I thought so," said I; "catch a tiger in a net and keep him in it if you can!"

(To be continued.)

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## SHOOTING LAY.

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### Air.—CAMPTOWN RACES.

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#### I.

Come listen to my funny song,—Doodah! doodah!  
 But I must not detain you long—Oh! doodah day!  
 From Sonepore they come all full of tin—Doodah! doodah!  
 The Calcutta Derby to try to win—Oh! doodah day!  
 'Byculla' went well not long ago—Doodah! doodah!  
 But to try him now would be no go. Oh! doodah day!

*Chorus.*—Not given to sing all night,  
 Nor yet to sing all day;  
 I'll hedge my money off 'Byculla,'  
 And keep it for another day.

#### II.

'Floricau' is an iron grey—Doodah! doodah!  
 I'm sure that he will never stay—Oh! doodah day!  
 For racing his action is not real—Doodah! doodah!  
 But as a charger at home he'd feel—Oh! doodah day!  
 In the early dawn he once was tried—Doodah! doodah!  
 But 'Pariel' a bad one kept up with his stride. Oh! doodah day!

*Chorus.*—Not given to sing all night,  
 Nor yet to sing all day;  
 I'll hedge my money off 'Floricau,'  
 And keep it for another day.